



ON THE BRINY DEEP.

## IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

ST. SWITHIN AIDS THE WEATHER-GRUMBLER—THE WEARY LAND-OWNER.

SCENES ON THE GOLF LINKS—PRETTY HOME-MADE HOUSEFURNISHINGS—HINTS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

T. SWITHIN, who, according to the old saying, decides what kind of weather we are to have during the summer months, has this season given the proverbial summer "kicker" something tangible to grumble about. As a rule there are always people who are invariably discontented, and who, even under favorable conditions, always contrive to find something to find fault with, so it may readily be imagined what grounds and complaints have been ripe for the last month.

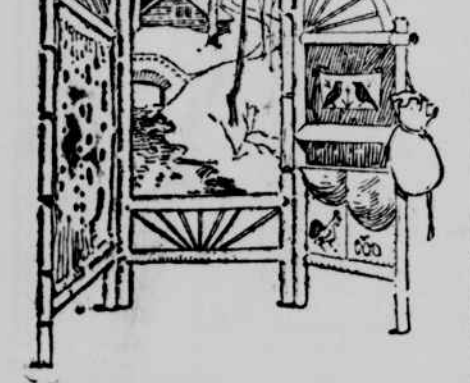
"It is very hard," said an old resident plaintively to a friend, at a well-known summer resort, "to be held responsible for every climatic freak. Mrs. X, whom I hardly know, and whom I never dreamed of perceiving to come to this—came up to me the other day at the club with an injured air that was evidently the exponent of her feelings. 'I was told, Mrs. A., she commenced quite severely, that this was a clear, bracing climate, and remarkably dry for the seashore, and I never was so disappointed in my life. We have had nothing but fog and rain since I arrived! We have hardly been able to go out of the house.'"

"It is too bad," I uttered, feeling really galled at the conduct of the weather. "It is unusual, I assure you."

"Mrs. X smiled disdainfully."

"'Last summer,' I continued, 'we had the loveliest weather.'"

"It's always 'last summer' at these places,"



A HOME-MADE SCREEN.

Interrupted the lady wearily, and she walked off unheeded.

"My worst trials, however," continued the old resident, "are with my tenants. I am foolish enough to build a couple of cottages to rent on my land, and, of course, I am, with them, become a target for every phase of feeling. Under such discipline I have become so humble-minded that I am thankful for the least crumb of commendation, and when one of my tenants remarks, 'It is a delightful morning!' I feel like exclaiming rapturously, 'Oh, thank you so very much for saying so! And if, as it occasionally happens, they praise the house and the place, I am ready to fall upon their backs and embrace them.'

"Flies and mosquitoes, fog and damp, heat and cold, wind and dust—anything and everything is my responsibility, until I fairly faint under the burden."

## THE CRAZE FOR GOLF.

The Scriptural prophecy that the sandy land shall be redeemed and the desert places rejoice and sing is being brought to pass in the neighborhood of most watering places this summer by the craze for golf. Groups of fashionable-looking men and women may now be seen scattered over tracts of uninteresting country, which, until now, have been deemed next to worthless. A novel and pretty sight is an annual tournament at one of the prominent links, an event which brings together the best players in the country, and, as the interest in their game is intense, they are followed from hole to hole by a large "gallery" of well-dressed people, who, every talking as they move along, become bunched into silence as the champions approach their ball and take the stroke. It is wonderful what a small thing will "get on the nerves" of a golf player and cause him to vary in his touch; so while

he must perform under spectators it is one of the imperative requirements that the onlookers should efface themselves as much as possible at the crucial moment. As soon as the balls have sped, however, the tongues are loosed, and the brilliant group moves on, the people talking and laughing as they go.

"It is like a progressive garden party," remarked a woman the other day at one of these gatherings, and in brilliancy and effect it is certainly not unlike one of these functions.

A coup d'oeil of a well-kept golf links on a tournament is one of the prettiest sights imaginable; the space and movement over such a vast area giving it a character that is entirely unlike other games, where people are massed together in one spot without change.

Even a "meet" among the hunting set is not so brilliant in its effect, as in such a case the assemblage scatters and disperses, while the golf spectators remain together, the groups of men in their knickerbockers and scarlet golf coats, and the women who for the nonce are not playing in festive attire, moving over the short, green turf, under the blue of the summer skies, is a sight that is unique in its beauty and entirely novel in its character.

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Time, 2 p. m. Scene, a lawyer's office in Wall-st. Eminent lawyer, entering in a rage, says to office boy:

"Where is Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith, looking up from his desk with a scared face—"I am here, sir."

"What do you mean?" thundered the great man, "by not having had that paper served on Doe & Roe, attorneys for Muggin, in the suit of Muggin versus Higgins? Don't you know the case comes up to-morrow?"

"I thought," began the clerk.

"You have no business to think so!"

"I meant to say that Mr. Black told me—"

"What do you mean by listening to Mr. Black, I should like to know?"

"And I saw on the book—"

"Blankety, blankety, blank! Young man, don't tell me about your thinking and hearing and seeing! When you have anything to do, do it!"

Whereupon the frightened youth seizes the papers, puts on his hat and rushes out.

Time, 11:30 p. m. Scene, Sherry's ballroom. Eminent lawyer with his daughter—Oh, papa, I have no partner for the cotillon, and the cotillon is not ordered until 12 o'clock. Whatever shall I do? You know mamma told me that I must be sure to get me one."

Eminent lawyer—looking distractedly around—You? I am very glad to see you, Elsie, my dear, this is Mr. Smith, one of the most promising young men in my office. My daughter, Mr. Smith, you must come and dine with us some evening. Come to-morrow night if you have nothing better to propose. Take potluck with us, Elsie, I shall have to leave you now as I promised to take a hand at whist upstairs. Exit eminent lawyer.

Mr. Smith—"Are you engaged for the cotillon, Miss—? May I have the honor?"

## KITCHEN FURNISHINGS.

In furnishing a house the kitchen, perhaps, is the most difficult department. The young housekeepers, and even older and more experienced women, as well as the very cooks themselves, find it almost impossible to write down everything that is needed at once. Oddly enough, the cookbooks, or books on domestic economy, do not, as a rule, give this much-needed information. The following list has been carefully compiled by a mother of marrying daughters, and may be found useful:

Tin and agate ware—One breadpan, one dishpan, four milkpans, two quart tin pails, with covers, two agate or blue ware saucepans holding four quarts each, two agate saucepans holding one quart each, two pint moulds for blanc mange, etc.; two half-pint moulds, one skimmer with a handle, two different sizes, two funnels (different sizes), one set of measures (quart, pint, half-pint and gill), three scoops (different sizes), four breadpans for baking (the smallest are the best), four cakepans, four piepans, one coffee pot, one colander, one large bread grater, one nutmeg grater, two wire sieves (different sizes), one small hair sieve, one frying basket, two egg-beaters, one apple-corer, one cake turner, one Japan spiroch, two small waiters (different sizes), one potato cutter, twelve muffin rings, and one soup shaker.

Other useful articles may suggest themselves in the shop, and, as this ware is inexpensive, no stinting is necessary.

two sheet-iron dripping pans (different sizes), two sets of gem pans, six spoons (different sizes), with wooden handles; one griddle, one gridiron, one waffle iron, one toasting rack, one large meat fork and one can opener. This list also may be supplemented, only the essentials being given.

Wooden ware—Two crocks holding two quarts each, two crocks holding one gallon each, one beanpot, one bowl holding six quarts, one bowl holding four quarts, one bowl holding two quarts, one bowl holding three quarts, six baking dishes (different sizes), and two small bowls holding one pint each. The above list may be added to according to the individual requirements of the different cooks, every lady of the dishless household being, of course, apparently, to find something wanting; but it contains all that is necessary for a comfortable start. It goes without saying that each one of these articles should have its own established, convenient place.

"I like to work for a mistress who knows how to cook," said a respectable servant recently, "one who comes into the kitchen and makes cake and fancy dishes; they always have everything comfortable and handy, but most ladies know no more about what is needed in a kitchen than I know about French millinery."

## A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

"Mrs. A. came to see me this morning," remarked a resident of Murray Hill, "and she had hardly got seated when Mrs. B. walked in."

"A pleasant coincidence," remarked her husband, "as they are both such friends."

"That was just the trouble, stupid!" said the wife. "I wanted to tell Mrs. A. a story I had heard about Mrs. B., and I wanted to discuss Mrs. B.'s latest freak with Mrs. A., and as it was I couldn't say a word to either."

"What did you talk about, then?" inquired the husband.

"Oh, we discussed people, of course," answered the lady, "but the worst part of it was that they went off together, and I know they pulled me to pieces the moment they were out of earshot, horrid things!"

## SOUTH BAY WATER PAGEANT.

CHARACTERS IN GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY PERSONATED BY NEW-YORK WOMEN.

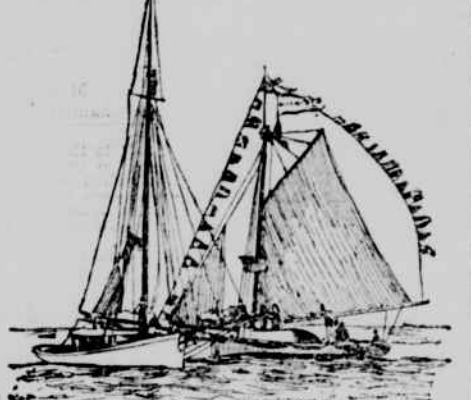
MRS. C. C. GLEASON, IN WHITE AND GOLD, MADE A SUPERB GODDESS OF VICTORY—MRS. F. S. PRATT COMMANDING AS MINERVA.

The Great South Bay never looked fairer than on last Wednesday, the day of the grand spectacular water pageant at Fire Island. The sky was blue and every little, restless wave danced in the sunlight. From all directions came yachts and sailboats like great white-winged birds, carrying crowds of spectators, while steam and naphtha launches gave variety to the scene.

Commodore H. M. Brewster was admiral of the pageant, and his flagship, covered all over with fluttering flags and pennants, was anchored near the end of the pier.

CHARACTERS IN GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

On eight white sloop yachts, gayly decorated, were graceful groupings of the chief characters in Greco mythology. The pageant was under the direction of Silas G. Pratt, who has designed many



FIRST BOAT PASSING THE COMMODORE'S FLAG BOAT.

spectacular productions. He was indefatigable in his efforts to make the occasion one of unusual interest, and had the hearty co-operation of P. T. Wall, the genial proprietor of the Surf Hotel.

The delay in starting was no oversight on the part of Mr. Pratt, but was due entirely to the non-arrival of the Bay Shore participants in the tableaux. The usual annoyance accompanying all nautical displays was in evidence, where the visiting craft in their erratic courses seriously interfered with the view of those on shore.

Anderson, the Bay Shore photographer, was especially troubled, for he had promised to secure views of the pageant, and he could be seen dodging from pier to pier in frantic endeavors to get a snapshot.

At last all was ready, and the yacht Alice M. Newton, gay, fast and fit, with the signal on her New-York Yacht Club, started from the rendezvous with the first group of the ancient deities in gorgeous robes, brought to bold relief by the heading sails for a background. Jupiter was on board, strong and masterful, as a king of the gods should be, and by his side Juno, with her sacred peacock. In front stood Hebe, cupbearer to the gods, in graceful attitude, and Mercury arched poised on one foot in spite of tipping boat and strong wind. Mrs. John T. Ellis was Juno, and Miss Grace Murphy, of Rochester, personated Hebe.

## CUPID, WITH HIS BOW AND ARROW.

It was a matter of some surprise to see the second boat so sailing out of the course far to the north of the flagship, but it was remembered later that the captain was young and susceptible, and Cupid stood near him. It is supposed that under



MRS. FRED A. CLARK, ELEANOR MANNING, KITTIE HALE.

POSING ON THE SECOND BOAT.

the influence of the mischievous little god he became temporarily enamored of the Three Graces, who posed before him, and so missed his bearings. On recovering his senses he turned his yacht and gave the spectators a good view of this picturesque group.

## MRS. GLEASON AS GODDESS OF VICTORY.

Mrs. C. C. Gleason, of New-York, is handsome in form and feature, and in a Greek costume of white and gold made a superb Goddess of Victory. The fair young goddesses in this group were Fortuna,

Flora, Ceres and Zephyr, who in their mortal state bear the names of Miss Grace Munger, Mrs. H. S. Quick, Miss Helen Haskett and Miss Helen Ellis. Another group commanding attention was Minerva, Mrs. F. S. Pratt, and the muses of song, music and the dance, Polyhymnia, Euterpe and Terpsichore, made living realities by Mrs. Frederick A. Clark, Miss Kittie Hale and Miss Eleanor Manning.

There is no doubt that Captain Joel Furman was predestined from the beginning of time to be Neptune on this occasion, so bronzed and nautical was he that all make-up seemed superfluous. His spouse, Amphitrite, Miss M. Whittemore, dressed in seaweed, did not seem to regret her broken vow of perpetual celibacy as she gazed on her son Triton.

Diana, the fair huntress, Mrs. C. H. Stone, was accompanied by the seven sisters, the Pleiades, all pretty young girls, in charming costumes—Elaine Wall, Mildred Oakley, Harriet Murphy, Mamie Sargent, Sylvia Pratt, Margaret Main and Vera Yorks. The drama was represented by Miss M. C. Foley and Miss Julia Murphy, of Rochester, who personated respectively Iphigene—Tragedy, and Thalia—Comedy, Euryclea, the spouse of Orpheus, was Miss Lillian Graham.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

When the delicately tinted summer lawns and muslins are ready for the wash, the first thing to be done is to "set" the colors. One of the simplest and best ways of doing this is to make a strong brine of cold water and salt and soak the gown or waist in it from twelve to twenty-four hours. Do not let the salt dry in. It is said that

colored "set" this way will always retain their brightness. The salt bath is especially recommended for all shades of green, rose and pink. It is also excellent for blues and pale browns. Five cents worth of sugar of lead in a gallon of water is also recommended for the "setting" of delicate colors. But the sugar of lead is a poison and should be kept out of the reach of children. Indigo and yellow can be best set by putting the garments in a solution of copperas and water, not them soak for ten or twelve hours.

The following recipe is said to be excellent for cleaning marble: Sift common soda with powdered

see the black piazza and the movements of dozens of porch rocking-chairs, all occupied. But many of the old women go away to visit friends in the summer. The rules of the institution permit them to remain away two months, but no longer.

Then there are little daily excursions planned by those who are not too old to venture over a country. Everything that happens at the Home happens very quietly. The only approach to excitement is when the semi-weekly drive in Central Park takes place, but even that is characteristically well bred.

## AN INTERESTING TIMEPIECE.

A Tribune reporter called at the Home the other day. A tall "grandfather's clock" tells away the time, and stands in the hall, where the grandmothers can look into its face as they pass to the dining-room. The clock offers no suggestion that the hours it tells are borrowed hours for the aged ones who consult it often. In the parlor is a marble bust of a beautiful woman, the wife of Governor Morgan and one of the earnest workers and directresses on the Board of Managers. The carpet on the floor was once on the parlor of Governor Morgan's home. On the table are books, sermons by Luther and the poems of Tupper. The chapel is around the corner of the hall from the parlor, and is a cozy place. A memorial window has recently been added in memory of the late Mrs. S. A. Church, who had been a member of the Board from 1886, when she was Miss Sarah Nixon. Mrs. Church gave fifty years of faithful service to the institution.

## A CHEERFUL MATRON.

Mrs. De Groot is the matron of the Home. She is a friendly, middle-aged woman, whose ministrations are graciously acknowledged by her aged children, who are in a thousand ways dependent upon her for their daily comforts. She has been in charge for five years. During the reporter's visit a new member was added to the family in the person of a sweet-faced old lady gowned in black.

"There is always something sad about an old lady's coming in here," said the matron; "more so than even her going out. The latter is but the natural closing of a life that must end sooner or later, but when she comes in, it is always after years of suffering and sorrow, and the Home is the last alternative. If a woman is single she comes because no one wants her, and if she has been married she comes, perhaps, because her children have died, or worse than that, have proved a bitter disappointment to her. There are, of course, many cases where aged women come entirely of their own accord to escape the turmoil of life and enjoy the quiet and comfort which this home certainly affords. We have ninety old ladies with us now, and our entire family numbers 115. We have a waiting list of thirty. Only when there is a death can a new name be enrolled. Some of our old ladies are very happy. Some would not be happy under any conditions, and are only agreeably tolerant of the circumstances surrounding their lives."

## A UNIQUE CELEBRATION.

The family of Hendrick G. Michmerhausen, of Overcash, Allegan County, Mich., will have a unique celebration at his home to-day.

Mr. Michmerhausen came to America from Holland fifty years ago, marrying the woman of his

choice on August 8, 1847. The couple prospered in this world's goods, and twenty-five years later, on August 8, celebrated their silver wedding, which was made doubly enjoyable by also being the occasion of the marriage of their son. The young couple live with the older one, and then all celebrate their golden wedding, the younger couple their silver wedding and the daughter of the latter will

it will be an interesting occasion; the families are well known and have many friends who will unite in this unusual celebration.

## IN "OLD LADIES' HOMES."

SUMMER HAS ITS OWN DELIGHTS IN MILD RECREATIONS.

AGED INMATES MADE COMFORTABLE IN THE AMSTERDAM AVENUE INSTITUTION AND ON STATEN ISLAND, AT CLIFTON.

THE residents in the vicinity of the Old Ladies' Home at Amsterdam-ave. and One-hundred-and-fourth-st. are familiar with the recreative schemes of the inmates of that institution during the summer months. There are plenty of watchers when the Central Park phaetons drive up to the door, and dozens of white-haired women, some feeble and bent with age, others alert of step and manner, clamber into the vehicles, are driven toward the Park, and return in an hour refreshed and gleeful as girls, with young muscled and merry hearts.

Other neighbors living where they can overlook the immense garden in the rear of the house can



MRS. C. C. GLEASON as Goddess of Victory.

On one side of the ground floor is the dining-room. The table is of small square tables of oak, with long, handsome linen cloths, napkins and silverware. The inmates sit two, three or four at a table. The bill-of-fare for these old ladies is very good. The milk is furnished by cows that are pastured near the Home. There are also chickens, ducks, geese, and a small flock of pigs. The food is prepared by the inmates, who are assisted by a few young women. The dining-room is a large, bright room, with a high ceiling and large windows. The tables are set with white cloths and silverware. The inmates are seated at the tables, and the food is served to them. The atmosphere is pleasant and comfortable.

## THE HOME AT CLIFTON.

This Old Ladies' Home at Clifton, Staten Island, stands on an elevation surrounded by trees and gardens. It is open for wife, daughter, sister or child of a deceased seaman if she has reached the age of sixty-two years. The admission fee is \$10; the inmate must also furnish her own room, as the institution gives only the room. As almost every one has been at some time a housekeeper, this is not so hard. The halls of this house run directly from front to back, and are very wide and tastefully furnished.

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## EXCELLENT SERVICE.

Back of the dining-room is the large kitchen, where a competent cook, who does nothing else, works steadily. Then there is a dining-room girl, who attends to the waiting on the ladies. Opposite the dining-room, across the hall, is the reception-room or parlor, which is nicely furnished; a waiting room, and a store room, where all the committee-room, and where the day's supply provisions are kept, and where the laundry's strong handmaiden washes the clothes for thirty-two inmates, not counting the laundry's own clothes. Monday is Tuesday is washday. Wednesday or Thursday ironing-day, and Friday morning the clothes are given out in the usual way. On Friday, all the laundry is open for all who wish to wash; for a great many old ladies like to do their own washing.

## THE READING-ROOM.

In front of the chapel is the reading-room, furnished with easy chairs and all kinds of reading material. Here, with all the windows open, the old ladies may sit and read and talk, but they generally prefer their own rooms. There is a good natured nurse, who looks after the old ladies when they are sick. At present there are six sick ones who need care. Dr. Thompson, of Clifton, gives his services gratuitously, and is always welcomed eagerly by the inmates.

Opposite the chapel is the matron's room, which is a kindly little woman who finds pleasing everybody no easy task. She has to open all meals and drive, and she has to be sure that the inmates are getting every day, keep all the books—even the provisions of each meal are put in the hands of the inmates. She is very much liked by all the household.

The inmates of this home are ninety-eight down to sixty-five. There are two cripples, and one is blind. Some of them are capable of doing a great deal of work. Each lady has a room of her own, with a bed, a bureau, a chest of drawers, and a wardrobe. The rooms are very comfortable and well furnished.

## HALF A LIFETIME IN THE HOME.

"We have one lady here who is ninety-five years old. She has been an inmate of the Home thirty-five years—a half of a lifetime. Her mind is bright and active, but the warm weather has prostrated her, and I fear she cannot last long."

The infirmary is a large, cheery room, opening on the corner of One-hundred-and-fourth-st. It contains only two occupants at present, one of these being a sprightly minded old lady who propels herself about in a wheel chair. The matron introduced her as the only patroness of the bicycle in the establishment, to which she retired amiably that the machine was a tricycle, but that she would try a bicycle later.

"Almost without exception," said the matron, "each occupant furnishes her own room. She prefers to do this, because she likes to have her own things around her."

The rooms in the institution are, without exception, pleasant and airy. Those that do not open on the street look out upon a rose and vegetable garden that supplies all the floral decorations and all the fresh garden stuff for the table. Each room is individual in its furnishings, and each owner vies with her neighbors in having her apartment as decorative as possible. Now and then a parrot is a room-mate, and in almost every instance window sills are adorned with house plants. Occasionally a canary affords melody to cheer the hours for its owner.

In the dining-room the long tables, with the snowy linen, shining silver and glass and delicate decorated china, have the appearance of being spread for an exclusive summer resort hotel. Here

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REPAIRS AND ALTERED.

the affairs of the day in the outside world are discussed and tea-parties are a daily social feature.

"We don't like to be told that we are old. Our hearts are very young," said the matron smiling.

"My hair is whiter than that of many of the women who are here because the matron called 'old ladies,' and I am sure I do not think it is pleasant to be constantly reminded of my age. When we have a sermon on Sundays, as we do every week in the chapel, and always by some clergyman who has accepted the invitation of the Board to officiate, we do not want a sermon prepared for old ladies. We want a sermon suited as he would preach to the usual congregation. We want to hear about how to live and then, like every one else, we can learn how to die. Of course, we know that we have nothing to do in the future but die when our time comes, but then in what respect do we differ from others?"

## DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

On Sunday afternoons, when the bell rings for 3 o'clock service, every worshiper appears in her best gown and best bonnet and veil and best gloves. When the weather outside is pleasant the most imaginative old ladies carry her best parasol, and when it is rainy, she wears her rubbers and her second best bonnet. As the chapel is only around the corner of the lower hall, the matter of church service attire depends entirely upon the precedent established by an early education.

As the reporter came away two old ladies returned from a day's outing. They had carried their luncheon and been down to No. Battery, and from there on the boat to Thirty-ninth-st., Brooklyn. One of the excursionists walked with crutches, but her companion was capable of assisting her. They reported a successful outing.

The officers of the Home are: Mrs. F. V. Hamilton, first directress; Mrs. E. R. Innes, second directress; Miss M. G. Jarway, recording secretary; Mrs. Hazel McKim, corresponding secretary; William C. Durand, No. 67 Wall-st., treasurer; Mrs. Abram B. Wetmore, assistant treasurer; Mrs. W. Wheeler Smith, register; Mrs. M. L. Goshout, secretary of the Association Committee.

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